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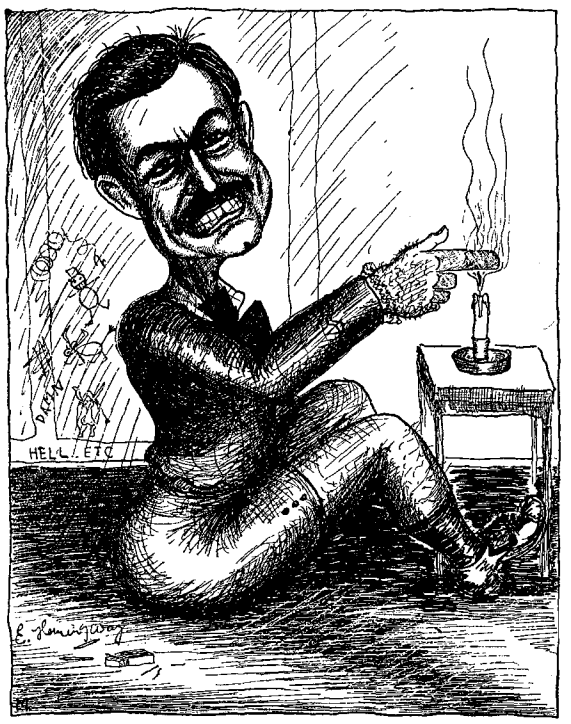

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JOLLY GIRLS

by RICHARD ALDINGTON

'OH, but she's such a *jolly* girl,' said the voice defensively; and there wasn't any need for defence, for I didn't know the girl and had formulated nothing for or against her. But evidently, this was the form of apology devised by her 'friends.' Sometimes when I listen to the 'friends' of girls, I wonder what the devil sort of harpies their enemies may be . . .

'. . . such a *jolly* girl.' That flat little pebble of a phrase went ricochetting over my mind. It is old—or perhaps it isn't, but it's a fact—that we have invented no method of recording actual mental processes, nothing but a few improvements on the original hieroglyphs. Certainly that end isn't achieved by the 'stream of consciousness' writing, because all the time something in the mind is recording, sifting, rejecting, arranging with extreme rapidity the suggestions, part thought, part image, part feeling, which start up, no doubt, from the unconscious. Yet to be comprehensible I must arrange the almost simultaneous responses of a second or two seriatim, impose a false lineal logic, as if one were required to reduce a globe to straight lines. I don't see consciousness as something running on a one-way track, but as a delicate recording centre acted on from many sides in many ways, dilating or contracting to accept or reject.

The voice spoke from behind me, so though I can't see out of the back of my head I can evidently hear that way. An immediate feeling was one of dislike for the word 'jolly.' I refused instinctively to accept it. It is one of the pretence words, not a mere lazy-mind word like the common man's 'bloody'—which simply means 'very'—but a nasty middle-class *sugesstio falsi* word to which I am expected to respond with an appropriate false reaction of sympathy. I refuse to respond. I feel my face muscles tighten a little in opposition; no doubt I've already begun frowning, refusing to play that particular game. I *won't* accept the 'jolly' girl on the pretence scheme of 'jollity.' I'm going to judge for myself.

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I'm going to see her, not her social badge.

At the same time, or so near as to be indistinguishable, there spring up several half pictures, half feelings about the word 'jolly.' In a flicker I see and hear the London intellectual affectedly talking about 'that awfully *jolly* thing of Mozart's.' It is in fact a poignant adagio. It isn't, never was, never could be 'jolly.' Only, the man was too impure, too would-be original to say 'moving' or 'beautiful.' They have even sullied the word retrospectively. Flicker, flicker—and I see Shakespeare's 'This life is most jolly,' Milton's 'Jest, and youthful jollity,' both exactly right and true but somehow retrospectively falsified by later misuse, like Coriolanus's 'Rats!' Flicker again—I hear the schoolboy 'jolly,' and loathe again all that school pretence.

But this mind-play is subsidiary, barely conscious. I only recover it by a strong effort of memory. Chiefly I was thinking about the girl who was coming, for she had not yet arrived, though the owner of the voice behind me had seen her and announced her coming. Now I begin to feel the pathos of that 'jolly.' I've seen these jolly girls and their jollity before. It's pretty well a last ditch in the feminine battle, much more commonplace and desperate than the female highbrow—they haven't even that amount of brains . . . She will be *una disgraziata.* A wrong use of the word—originally it meant one in disgrace, then by a peculiarly Italian extension of meaning one who has met with an accident, disgraced, born unhandsomely. *Poverina,* poor little one, would be better and kinder . . .

My five seconds of mental flickering are over. She arrives. She isn't a bit of a *poverina,* not the very least—a whacking great lump of a woman in a bathing dress, with red arms and lumpy legs and a lumpy sort of face in spectacles. Aggressive. Already she is laughing like the traditional horse. So that's her line—aggressive, not responsive jollity. She doesn't make me feel a bit jolly.

Introductions. Intentionally she doesn't 'get' my name at first, though she knows it perfectly well—a stale old trick, but never mind. I don't rise to attention at the wonder of womanhood in the orthodox way. The reason is that my knee has been broken, is still in a steel and leather splint, and that to rise and sit down is a laborious and rather painful process. She knows this perfectly well too, has seen me cautiously limping about, but nevertheless chooses to be offended. However jolly a girl is she knows a man who doesn't pay ordinary decent homage to women by getting up must be a cad. I wonder a little at the obtuseness of women—don't they know that these ready spring-to-attention men are often the very ones who've been saying and thinking foul things about women half a minute earlier? There are better ways of honouring women, but never mind.

It would be a lie to say the encounter was a social success, but I at least found it interesting—this eternal mystery of other peoples' lives, the apparently insoluble problem, not of how they live (which is only too obvious) but why. The jolly girl refused a chair, perhaps a glance at my caddishness in not standing up, evidently a hint that she wasn't going to hobnob with *us.* So she stood formidably against the sky, and we could examine her inelegant proportions at leisure. A peasant woman gone pudgy, I thought; a peasant without the spareness of hard diet, the elasticity of strong muscles, the fine upright swinging carriage which comes to those who carry burdens on their heads. Wouldn't the jolly girl be happier and healthier hoeing turnips than pretending to be a lady? She accepted a drink, and sipped it standing, full of righteous disapproval of us, a sort of British Israelite passing over from nothing to nowhere.

What did we talk about? Here my memories are very vague. Stupidity is strangely infectious. When I am with stupid people my intelligence abruptly switches off and retires into some mental background, whence it sardonically observes—observing among other things that I am talking with contemptible vapidity. 'Who hath given man speech and who hath set therein' such opportunities for saying the obvious and the imbecile? Unwilling to be cumbered by the stupid phrases spoken and listened to, my memory has totally rejected them. I seem to remember hazily the jolly girl talking about some jolly people—awful mutts—and about tennis. She must have talked about tennis. But what did she add to our knowledge of that superb exercise? Only, I think, that it is jolly. We murmured acquiescence with a social hypocrisy which at this distance astounds me. Why didn't we say what we think, that the cult of tennis is a bore? Her tennis was only part of the jolly pose, a thing that is done.

We switched on to the bathing—that, of course, was jolly too. No doubt, it was jolly good. Somebody—it wasn't I—remarked how pleasant it was to come from a wintry England to a climate where one could bathe all day. This seemed to sting the jolly girl, who at once announced loudly and unnecessarily that she was patriotic. In fact, she went on boasting about her patriotism until she finished her drink and went away. Of course she was 'patriotic'—a war would give her something to do, feed her self-importance. I wondered how often she had delivered this discourse on her patriotism—she evidently had it by heart. Patriotism, my country right or wrong, white feathers for slackers, binding up the wounds of heroes, a romance with an unsophisticated and lonely subaltern, tableau. You could put it to music, beginning with Rule, Britannia, and ending with the wedding march. It was, I reflected, the jolly girl's only chance of getting a kick out of life, or rather, a kick into death. Let's have another war, and all be jolly together. And if there isn't another war, well, I could imagine how well the 'patriotism' would go down with the penny-newspaper men she knew. With that face and advancing embonpoint, it was no good her attempting the fanfrolico sex stuff of the suburbs. No good at all. But being jolly and patriotic—something told me she must also be 'unselfish to the marrow'—might land a curate.

Somehow I didn't see the jolly girl as a perpetual spinster. She hadn't given up all hope, I could swear. Doubtless, that clean straight hero from the illustrated magazine would never turn up; but nowadays there are so many poor and lonely youngish men and they all invariably marry. Someone, some lonely bachelor, would swear before God to endow her with two-fifty a year and Aunt Sylvia's furniture, and she would swear to honour and obey him. She'd make a jolly good wife, and jolly well make her husband toe the line too. And a jolly good mother—no scrim-shanking out of the O.T.C. for *her* sons. I could see their names living for ever—on a granite slab read by nobody . . .

It is written, Blessed are the poor in spirit. If it means, to blazes with the pseudo-intellectuals, then I agree. But if it means, Blessed are the fatheads, I can't agree. Give me the rich, the abounding in spirit. There aren't so many of them. Possibly the jolly girls are to be numbered among the poor in spirit, but I certainly find their spirit oppresses mine. They give me that feeling of uneasiness and shame which you experience at a thoroughly bad play or at seeing a man making a public fool of himself. How can they be content to pick up the shabbiest, silliest, shallowest newspaper ideas and activities, and think they are living? Poor in spirit indeed! Such poverty is frightening. We talk pompously of abolishing the slums, never of abolishing the slum mind. But slums are the result of the slum mind—in Italy you may see palaces which have been turned into slums. And even in the slums there is a crude swarming sort of vitality. There is a washed poverty of living which is almost worse; it is so devitalized, so bored, so false that its only hope is a war in which to immolate itself in unconsciously wished-for death. Meanwhile—play at being jolly. What a lugubrious farce! I shiver.

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CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS ADAMIC	WALDO FRANK	LOUIS REED
RICHARD ALDINGTON	JULIAN FUNT	MORRIE RYSKIND
BENJAMIN APPEL	LOUIS GOLDING	WILLIAM SAROYAN
HERBERT ASBURY	C. HARTLEY GRATTAN	JOEL SAYRE
HENRI BARBUSSE	T. SWANN HARDING	EVELYN SCOTT
THOMAS BEER	BEN HECHT	RICHARD SHARPE
VAN WYCK BROOKS	LILLIAN HELLMAN	SIGMUND SPAETH
IVOR BROWN	ALDOUS HUXLEY	WICKHAM STEED
THOMAS BURKE	JOSEPH JASTROW	BOOTH TARKINGTON
LOGAN CLENDENING	MUNA LEE	DEEMS TAYLOR
CLARENCE DARROW	TOM MOONEY	H. M. TOMLINSON
JOHN DOS PASSOS	SEAN O'CASEY	JIM TULLY
EMANUEL EISENBERG	LIAM O'FLAHERTY	ANTHONY M. TURANO
HAVELOCK ELLIS	LOUIS PAUL	LOUIS UNTERMYER
SUSAN ERTZ	ASHLEY PETTIS	LAURENCE VAIL
DAVID EWEN	LLEWELYN POWYS	JAY WATTS, JR.
JAMES T. FARRELL	BURTON RASCOE	W. E. WOODWARD

HUNGRY HARLEM

by KENNETH CAMPBELL

Editorial Staff, The New York World-Telegram

For the first time at a public hearing in New York City a negro has called a white police inspector a grafter and yelled at a white woman with an important city position to "take the gum out of your mouth so that we can understand what you are saying."

This is something new and it ought to interest those who look on Sambo as a droll fellow full of watermelon, fried chicken and good nature. The truth is that Sambo is very tired of starving in a cold-water flat and being thumped by the police and fooled by his Uncle Tom leaders. On March 19 last he turned out into the streets and smashed windows and looted. This he will do again unless somebody takes some interest in putting a good meal or two under his belt.

A few days after the riot Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia appointed a mixed color commission to see what was the matter, and this commission is holding hearings under the direction of such liberals as Arthur Garfield Hays and Oswald Garrison Villard, who apparently think that the black brother will be calmed by the simple process of calling him mister and letting him work off steam.

It has been decreed that he may talk as much as he likes and examine witnesses to his heart's content.

Thus for the first time since the Reconstruction Period in the South, white patrolmen and detectives and white relief supervisors have been constrained to explain their acts to negroes for whom they have had slight regard in the past.

The picture of a thick-skulled Irish detective gulping and boggling his testimony while a negro laborer prods him with questions and the crowd howls with derision has been produced for the edification of anybody interested in social trends.

The sub-committee sessions on the actual events of the March 19 riots have been violent and immoderate, and racial emotions have been heated to a cherry red.

Arthur Garfield Hays has presided at these sessions, and newspaper reporters and negro and white attorneys for the International Labor Defense have been on hand.

James W. Ford, one-time negro candidate for vice-president and now secretary of the Harlem section of the Communist party, usually sits in, his café au lait brow knit in a sad, dreamy frown. The redoubtable Sam Battle, the city's only negro police lieutenant, is also present, heavy in the authority of his blue coat and gold badge and bars. His features are bland and his eyes sleepy and still.

Representatives of Harlem's welter of protective leagues, civic associations and equal rights organizations are also present, each delegation claiming final and absolute representation of all the city's negroes.

Noisiest of these delegates is Charles T. Romney, a slight but very bellicose negro who halts the proceedings constantly while he heaps abuse on Mr. Hays, the witnesses, and representatives of rival negro organizations. He works himself into an exhibitionistic frenzy until the veins bulge on his maple colored forehead. It was he who called Inspector John de Martino, Harlem police commander, a grafter and made that good gendarme take it and like it.

Ford and his I. L. D. lawyers have little interest in aiding the committee to bring out actual evidence of police brutality during the riots. They feel, and with some reason, that specific facts brought out at the hearing will make little difference because nothing will be done about them. The only effort worth while from the Communist viewpoint is to turn the hearings into a forum from which the Communist position can be publicized throughout Harlem.

The old-time negro politicians are also on hand. These spellbinders, heroes of a hundred burial society barbecues, deliver harangues that have no beginning and no end and that consist of nothing but wind. Further confusion is introduced when deep-bosomed mammies barge through the crowd to vent life-long grievances and to ask questions that take twenty minutes to unwind and are in the end perfectly incomprehensible.

The committee has succeeded in developing a few specific cases in spite of the confusion. These cases have been assembled through the shrewd and patient labors of James H. Tarter Jr., one of the commission's negro investigators.

The killing of Lloyd Hobbs, a sixteen-year-old high school student, is the best of these cases. This boy came from a compact and devout family of American negroes and had never been in any police trouble before. He was fatally shot during the riot by Patrolman John H. McInerney, a jowly Irish harness bull who said he was looting an auto supply store. The police report covered the legal points necessary to establish the boy as a fleeing felon who could be shot out of hand, and a detective was sent around later, not to see if McInerney had been justified in killing the boy, but to make out a case against the boy as a looter. It never

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occurred to the police that there would be any flare-back in the case. To the police it was just another case. The facts were made to fit police needs and the police were certain from long experience that no negroes would put their necks in the noose by disputing these facts on behalf of a quiet little colored boy that none of them ever saw before.

But in this case something happened that has never happened in Harlem before. Mr. Tarter dug up no fewer than seven negroes who had seen the shooting and who said, contrary to the police, that the boy had no loot on him when he was running and that he was deliberately drilled in the back without warning. Five of these witnesses swore to this story before the commission.

One policeman testifying in that case heard someone in the crowd yell at the chairman to "tell the dog to speak louder" and a detective testifying in another case was called to the stand to hear five negroes swear that he had called the spectators "black bastards" as he stalked through the court room.

At another hearing Miss Mildred Gordon, the white relief administrator in Manhattan, insisted on filling her mouth with chewing gum when she took the stand and was discomfited when the embattled Romney told her to take it out of her mouth. A few Southern gentlemen in the crowd nearly swooned on this occasion.

The white cops feel that the hearings have resulted in a body blow at the Nordic prestige that they believed necessary to preserve order in Harlem and they are quite right. Strong evidence was introduced to indicate that they have established and maintained this prestige by knocking the blacks about and calling them "black bastards" and "dirty niggers."

The general opinion among the informed is that the next Harlem riot will be a honey.

THE CHILD

by HENRI BARBUSSE

"BE a good boy!" said the mother, opening her arms as the child escaped like a canary from a cage.

"Yes," he answered sweetly, nodding his clean little head. He hopped across the garden, pushed open the gate and walked gravely down the path. He clutched his school-bag lovingly to him. A beret crowned his cute, delicate face from which two eyes shone like two drops of blue water. A scarf, knotted softly and tenderly around his shoulders, protected him from the cold.

He walked through the little village in which tiny, narrow roofs, red as cows, were scattered in the fields. There was no school in this rustic parish, and he had to go all the way to Trou-Mercey.

At Arthur's Crossing (Croissement d'Arthur) the sun became so beautiful and bright that a ray of light turned up the little boy's nose and gave it a wrinkle as the wind sometimes whispers among dead leaves, making them tremble as if a heart was beating.

Kiki was already a dreamer and also a keen observer. He noticed a particularly beautiful bird perched on a fence. The bird had a yellow head and throat, and with sharp jerks, was moving his double tail, fine as two lines traced in ink, across the sky in the distance.

Unable to resist the temptation, Kiki shivered with delight. Feverishly he took a piece of string out of his pocket. It was a slingshot. He aimed a pebble at the bird. It came close enough to make the bird fly away. At that distance, that was some shot! Kiki's eyes lit up with infinite pride, and he went on in the clear morning with a step grown suddenly majestic.

Meanwhile the sun was shining through silvery mists and banks of transparent gold. . . . Suddenly a nebulous object buzzed under the child's nose. Ah! A cricket! He had never seen such a beauty! All excited he dropped his school-bag on the edge of the path, bounded off among the flowers sprinkled with dew, and chased the green cricket which seemed to be both flying and hopping. He stretched out his hand for it and after several fruitless attempts, captured it.

He screamed. The insect had just stung or bitten him: a tiny prick, but the child was sensitive. He threw the insect violently on the ground and hastily put his shoe on the small emerald body. Then he withdrew his foot and bent over to see. A mixture of pride and distaste came over his face when he saw the formless mess made up of a crushed and muddy body and twisted legs. He walked away, still moved, but content that he had rendered justice, like a little god.

He jogged along to make up time. In front of Mother Jacques' house he frowned. She was an old witch, really bad, who hated him for no reason at all. One time, long ago, hadn't she shoved him, so that he couldn't see the slaughter of the Labouige's pig from close at hand? And last winter, hadn't she screamed and threatened him with a stick, just as he was putting a heavy stone in Father Plantard's bundle of wood?—Of course, just for a joke—Just to fool the old man who carried the bundle home every day, limping, groaning, and creaking in every joint.

Kiki hated her as much as he was afraid of her. So, the week before, while playing "Vercingetorix" ("General") with his little friends Grioche, Blinbin, Bredoire and Coput, he had thought out the idea of gradually killing the old lady's walnut tree, the only tree on her tiny place. To do it they had begun to cut away the bark all the way around, near the ground.

This particular morning the little boy did not have time to go on with the work on the bark, and his darling little face screwed up with disappointment; but suddenly it brightened: the cat!

There she was, Mother Jacques' dirty animal, on the edge of the roof. She was old too, her fur was peeled off in spots where her hide shone like shoe leather. Around her, some kittens, about the size of rats, played.

Kiki pulled a peg out of the fence and untwisted the wire from it. Alive with eagerness, lips pressed tightly together, he took careful aim and threw the peg with all his might towards the bad old woman's pets. . . . Sharp cries, a topsy-turvy heap in the dust, and the whole family scattered. Excited and a little worried, Kiki said to himself that he had probably hit one of the kittens and may even have killed it! His heart beat quickly from the joy of revenge and also because of pride in his skill and strength.

Like a good boy, he went on. But he couldn't stop himself from taking a detour to play his innocent daily trick on the old simpleton Mehu. He jumped over a hedge, and entered a low room where a skeleton-like figure was sitting alone, shaking all over, with a plate of soup in front of him. On seeing the child, this human wreck, who could only move the muscles of his face and his left arm, made a horrible grimace of fear and anger; his eyes popped, his eyes jumped up and down. He tried to curse out the child. Then he cried and made a desperate effort to clutch the plate. But the child, nimble, and laughing continuously like a tinkling bell, confiscated his soup, as usual, and put it on the mantelpiece, out of reach of the hungry old fool. Now Mehu would not eat until late in the evening when his daughter came home. . . Kiki dragged himself regretfully away from the old derelict with his yellowish, filthy hair, his greyish corpse-like skin, watching the emaciated face and neck

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writhe in anger like a poppy in the wind.

Alas! It's late. The child runs. Too late! He pulls up his gallop at the closed door of the school. A great sadness fills him. This week the tardiness will keep him from carrying off the cross which he had won so often before. What a shock to his parents! He sobs, and then, all for the best, tells a story to the teacher who opens the door with a stern look. Out of breath and stammering, he explains that his mother has been very sick, that he had cried and that had made him late in spite of himself. . . . As he is a good student and a sweet child, the teacher believes him. The teacher, wearing a green frock which is too small for him over his suit, is very timid even though his name is Mr. Brave, and does nothing more than tap him lightly on the cheek.

The class begins. Twenty pairs of eyes watch for the moment when Mr. Brave will discover that the basket close to his feet contains not only two eggs for his convalescent granddaughter, but also a stone which has broken them.

Today it was Kiki's turn to smash the eggs. . . There! They nudge each other: the teacher has seen it! He puts on an expression of indifference, but he has seen it! Kiki smiles. A moment later, having earned a "very good" for his recitation which he had read from an open book leaning on the back of the boy in front of him, he smiles again and then amuses himself by torturing a lady bug until it dies.

On Saturday Kiki won the cross again: and on Sunday, coming out of church—First Communion—the good priest looked at him tenderly. He had just confessed his "great" sins of the week: cheating at marbles; putting ink on Rouhier's seat because he was better in his lessons, and writing a terrible word on the wall of the church court-yard. The pure priest had quickly absolved this little cherub.

At home after dinner Kiki's father who was reading the paper suddenly exclaimed: "They arrested a murderer seventeen years old in Paris—almost a child—"

And the mother and father gazed at their Kiki, at his modest mien, at his cross. . . . If they had not seen it in print, they would not have believed that children with such instincts existed: Alas, the drunkenness of a father.

(*Translated for the American Spectator by Alfred H. Hirsch*)

CUISINE AMERICAINE

by LEONARD ROWE

THE difference between French cooking and American cooking is this: in France they have a way of making horse-meat taste like beef: in America we make the choicest cuts of beef taste like horse-meat. Go into almost any of the cheaper—but not too cheap—table d'hôte restaurants of Paris, and the chances are that their *boeuf Chateaubriand aux champignons* is really only superannuated horse flesh cooked in such a succulent sauce that the unwary diner tastes only the sauce and not the meat, remaining happily ignorant of the equine character of the *pièce de résistance.* Time, patience, skill, and centuries-old culinary traditions have all combined to work this gastronomic miracle.

Here, in America, where beef is so plentiful and cheap that even the comparatively poor can afford it, we cook it so vilely that the finished dish tastes like horse-meat, or worse. So in order to destroy its evil flavor and render it somewhat palatable, we pour over the unappetizing mess some sharp pungent condiment.

In the typical American restaurant and in the average American home the center of the table displays a permanent array of such indispensable taste-destroyers as ketchup, chili sauce, vinegar, mustard, horseradish and so-called Worcestershire sauce. These are, for the most part, particularly efficacious in neutralizing the unsavoriness of woefully prepared meats. Their function is to cover up the botching of the cook by reducing all varieties of meat to one common denominator, so that beef is indistinguishable from veal, and pork from mutton. Indeed, if one uses a sufficient amount of any of them it makes little difference whether one is eating *canard flambé à l'orange* at Foyot's or corned-beef hash at Childs.

There may, possibly, be an additional reason why the American can swallow such abominations poured and smeared over his food. No human being (except an Eskimo or an Englishman) can long abide a flat insipid tastelessness in his diet. He craves for strong savory flavors that make the saliva flow. And, finding these flavors lacking in his food, he buys them in a bottle. Or he obtains them in such unspeakable concoctions as chili con carne and chop suey. True, chili is merely a soupy, runny potpourri of kidney beans and small chunks of meat of questionable lineage and doubtful vintage, so to speak. But—and this may well be the reason for its popularity—it is stewed in a sauce of red peppers as fiery as the proverbial sulphur and brimstone. While chop suey, though suspiciously resembling the contents of a garbage can, does possess an undeniably pungent "exotic" flavor.

A biologist might find a relation existing between the wild beast's periodic licking of salt rock and the American's craving for high seasoning in his food. A nation that subsists on canned soups, fried meats, bran flakes, allegedly vitaminized cereals, calorie-counted cheese, ultra-violet-rayed bread, sun-tanned spinach, pasteurized prunes, and wrapped-in-cellophane crackers—a nation that fills its belly with such fodder must compensate its denial of honest-tasting grub by resorting to something—anything—that stimulates its palate.

In such barbarous cookery there can be little joy; hence, eating in the United States is generally considered a mere counterpart of its reverse alimentary process; and, accordingly, held in little more esteem. Nay, in even less esteem: else, how account for the patent fact that our plumbing is vastly superior to our cooking, and our bathrooms superior to our dining rooms? It follows, then, that eating is a mere interruption of the more important business of life: something to be got over with—the sooner the better. When the American refers to his lunch as "grabbing a bite" he is indulging in no racy metaphor but is speaking the grim and literal truth. For if he frequents a Kwick Lunch, a drug-store luncheonette or a cafeteria, he grabs his food or goes without it.

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The cafeteria represents the triumph of Ford over Brillat-Savarin. It is a microcosm of the machine-age millennium, the ultimate possible attainment of Spenglerian *Technic*. From such *hors d'oeuvres* as sour pickles to such desserts as banana pie à la mode there extends before one's eyes the entire American cuisine: fixed perfect, complete, unalterable. Everything of the unexpected—the capricious, the unpredictable has been eliminated. It is a world without potentiality of surprise or adventure. For in the cafeteria there is no occasion for the diner to wonder how the crêpes Suzettes are today: there, right before his eyes, he envisages the entire array of desserts: cornstarch pudding, stewed apricots, Jell-o, tapioca pudding etc., *ad nauseam*.

Ten or twelve meat dishes—the *spécialités du jour*—are ranged in nude visibility on top of steaming warmers; and whatever little flavor they originally possessed is long since dissipated from over-steaming, which reduces all foods to one dead level of mushy, soggy insipidity.

The cafeteria gourmet, as he passes along the line, piles on his tray his entire dinner: soup, salad, meat, potatoes, a vegetable or two, dessert, coffee—all in one conglomerate heap. Balancing his overladen tray with both hands; carrying, perhaps, a package under his arm; dangling a wet dripping umbrella from his wrist; sweating mightily under his overcoat and derby; he presents a sorry sight as he thus walks about desperately seeking a table with a vacant chair.

He begins with his soup; but he notices that his ice-cream is already melting and his coffee growing cold. Better hurry! there's not a minute to lose! For the fried steak—smothered-with-onions—is, by this time, covered with a thick coat of paraffin-like grease, and the lettuce of the salad is beginning to wilt. Better hurry! As each dish is eaten the soiled plate is shoved hastily aside and a half-hearted attack is made on its successor; so that by the time the dessert is reached the table in his vicinity is in messy disarray, each soiled plate with its left-overs exhaling stale and sickening effluvia, driving away the flavor of the melted ice cream and the aroma of the luke-warm coffee. As he sips his coffee, a sense of fullness not unmixed with a slight nausea overcomes him: which, assuredly, is not relieved by the sight of a newly arrived fellow-diner depositing his tray laden with this Lucullan feast: gen-u-wine mock turtle soup, veal stew with dumplings, boiled hominy and bacon gravy, cucumber-and-beet salad, rice pudding with marsh-mallow maple-nut fudge sauce, and a gargantuan glass of butter-milk.

The basic principle of medieval pharmacology would seem to be this: the more horrible a medicine tasted, the greater its therapeutic value. With this as their cue, enterprising food manufacturers have persuaded the American to believe that the more unpalatable a food the greater its healthfulness. It may look, smell and taste like cattle mash—so long as it is full of vitamins, calories, hormones and ultra-violet rays, and provided that it sells at a fancy price and comes in a gaudy package. This tendency accounts for the idiotic breakfast foods which the American is persuaded to eat: horrid concoctions that would put even the cast-iron digestive system of a giraffe to a strain. Thus the American may choose for his breakfast a certain widely-advertised cereal that possesses all the delicate and luscious flavor of sawdust, or another nationally advertised cereal with a striking resemblance to packing excelsior, or still another that suspiciously resembles the crumbs of stale pumpernickel.

The same guiding principle is responsible for the many coffee-substitutes that glut the market. Coffee is a delicious beverage: *ergo* it is bad, injurious, habit-forming. Concoct a substitute for coffee or decaffeinize it; give it a dubious taste and sell it at a fancy price—and your fortune is made!

In common with the Englishman, the American can claim the questionable distinction of having the best table manners in the world. The reason for this is simple: since the food he eats is not worth a second's thought he can concentrate on the minutiae of etiquette. It might, then, be only logical to assume that American table talk is also the best in the world, inasmuch as there is not the distracting competition of good food. This, regrettably, does not follow. For when the dinner is bad the table lacks that feeling of animal well-being, that mood of expansiveness, and that glow of mellow warmth that only good food can induce.

WARDHEELS AND DICTATORS; 1935

by BENJAMIN APPEL

WHEN the alarm clock went off at twelve noon, he shut it off and slept until the old lady went off.

"A politishun" she mocked. "Look at him. Twunny-eight years old and the ambition of a fly. Sleeps all day and all night throws the bull with them other out-of-works, them other politishuns and not a job in the lot. Get up. Get up."

You can't explain to your old lady that in politics things ain't done in a day. He got up, washed, ate and killed time with the technique of a fellow who's free until nine o'clock rolled around and the fellows started hitting the club. He walked around a couple hours, chewed the rag in the pool-room, and it was time for supper. And politics. And maybe a job.

There was the big sign up in the loft. THE INSURGENTS INDEPENDENTS CLUB. The wardheels were gathering to throw the bull and play cards. The place filled up fast with hot air and when the temperature was just right, the leader blew in. The 62 wardheels, captains and members rushed to the bandwagon. The leader stared at the suckers with that famous political benevolence. He saw *votes*. They saw in the fat beerbelly, the jowls, the flashy smile, the sly voice—the only hope in the world of getting a *job*.

"It's working out," the leader orated. "Boys, I got a finger here and a finger there and talking of jobs..."

* * * * *

Once upon a time politics was the profession of elderly gents who'd devoted from ten to thirty years to the various arts of conniving, backslapping, promising, bullying and getting the boys out of raps when they pulled a little heist job. The profession had dignity. The political professors or wardheels were gray at the temples, paunched like pre-depression Rotarians and used to preside at clambakes and roast-beef parties with the aplomb of men whose futures are secure.

The advent of the Blue Eagle degraded a fine old profession. The first national industry became vulgarized. Every wild jackass, out-of-work, ex-bootlegger, forgotten man, and lads obsessed with the Horatio Alger complex, trooped into politics. The primary reason was simple. Politics was one of the last of the rugged individual professions where the ambitious individual could start at the bottom

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and work up to the top. There was also prize-fighting but this trade required certain superior traits.

What did politics require of this new horde? A few human essentials: the perpetual smile; the gabby tongue; the handclasp; the slap on the back. With these essentials one was equipped sufficiently to drive the sachems and colonels of the old school plain nuts. And if the new initiate knew the art of the doublecross the sky was the limit, and a sky where the pie was guaranteed to be made of greenbacks.

This invasion of a monopoly business began to be noticed in every neighborhood. Innumerable clubs opened up in lofts, furnished rooming houses and wherever the rent was cheap. And the names of the new organizations painted in huge red letters on white canvas informed all pedestrians that the Fred O'Googran Association, or, The Young Harmony Political Club, or, The Federation of United Independent Voters, or, The Non-Partisan League had entered American life with the good, old, clean-up philosophy.

The furnishings of these clubs were sparse and neo-Spartan. Some chairs, a table and a lounge. From two inches to a foot of cigarette butts on the floor. Some spittoons. A lithograph of the President on the wall, for although many of these clubs weren't Democratic they subscribed approximately to the forgotten man doctrine.

The pastimes were pinochle, hearts, rummy and poker. There was endless talking most of which could be boiled down to one wish-fulfillment—a job. A political job with soft hours and lots of easy cush on the side. And endless, hair-splitting opinions concerning the local politics of the ward or assembly district, its home relief activities, its regular clubs and their leaders.

The members were mostly unemployed or mechanics or trades union men disgruntled with the regular clubs. And since they accumulated in mobs and paid rent, shyster lawyers drifted in to advise and map out plans and election campaigns. The clubs endured even though they failed to get any real patronage. The reason was psychological and subtly integrated to the years of the Blue Eagle. The club members were mostly in their twenties and thirties. They needed a place to hang out. Since most of them were broke, pseudo-broke or busted, the political club substituted for the movie, the gin-mill and the poolroom. The club was a place where a night could be killed cheaply. And all this was linked up to the wish-fulfillment complex of a job. The club members felt they were somebody, that they were *in* an organization, that they might get a break, that they were politicians. And they had to be *something*. The idea of being just unemployed was too distasteful. And they could only be *politicians* even if the gray-haired veterans got the spasms.

And these clubs in their present, inchoate state are the raw, potential material for a storm troop movement. They are the American dispossessed, bitter at the regular parties and ready to follow a Huey Long, a Coughlin or any other demagogue who'll oppose the regulars. These millions of little, forgotten men have no social consciousness. They are not critical of the system in which they live and do not get sore at yachts and the marriages of American princesses to bankrupt Europeans. They know one thing. They want *jobs*. The regular parties have failed to give them work. They must follow any puppet on a white horse who will promise jobs.

This is the human base on which American fascism can build. These are the men politically and psychologically conditioned to follow the Longs and Coughlins.

* * * * *

Up at THE INSURGENTS INDEPENDENTS CLUB, he felt damn blue. You got sick shutting off the alarm clock when it went off at noon, and listening to your old lady's lectures, and borrowing change for a pack of butts. He stared at the card players, the dopes hanging around for favors, the old bozos wanting home relief, the guys in dutch, and it was all a pain. Christ, he'd do anything in the world for a job. *Anything*. A guy had to work. A guy had to have some dough.

Off to one side, the leader was gabbing about Commissioner Sowhat, Corporation Counsel Sowhen and Judge Sohow, and what these big-shots had said about the chance for jobs.

"That's how it goes, fellers," the leader said. "You work yourself to the bone and all they chuck you is hot air—"

"How about a job for me?" he suddenly asked, his heart shaking at his nerve. "I got to have a job. Honest."

"He's got to have a job," the leader smiled. "So do all of us, kid. But it's working out. Boys, so help me I'm putting on the pressure and a finger here and there. And talking of jobs . . ."

AMERICAN CREDO

—That to write like Thomas Wolfe is better than to write like Rex Beach; and that to write like Rex Beach is better than being a plumber.

PORTRAIT OF AN IMPRESARIO

by EMANUEL EISENBERG

HE is always a European, sometimes Greek, more often Russian or Polish, since only Europeans understand how to convert art into a racket and how to clean up on the esoteric. He has been in this country for twenty years; he caught from almost the beginning the technique of embarrassing the United States into art appreciation. It is difficult to say how he does it. Naively violent advertising may be the clue. Or incredibly right timing in making spectacular entrances.

Though it is pointless to doubt his sincerity in despising American art and respecting the European product, this may be wholly attributed to a sheer incompetence to penetrate or examine the local work. He believes in Europe because he came from there and speaks its languages. Further, its striking juxtapositions of territorial difference impress him as infinitely more interesting than sprawling America with its apparent monotony. For, in his numerous wanderings over this country, he never bothers to look for any but his own kind.

That he actually speaks the languages of Europe is seriously to be questioned. Invariably a man with the thinnest shadow of culture behind him, he has trouble enough expressing himself with dignity or formality in his own tongue. If he is Greek, he probably has small Italian and less French. If he is Russian or Polish, his German is likely to be fair and his French the vaguest smattering of useless conventional phrases. His English is interestingly abominable, being quite without architecture and quite without tense-sense. He talks incessantly.

How he selects and secures his extraordinary importations is the ultimate mystery. His nameable or provable contacts are incredibly few. Yet let him go off on one of his frequent Continental tours and he is certain to return with a list of at least twelve exciting items, among which will be a Russian theatrical troupe, a sensational dancer, a brilliant pianist, a string quartet, a choir of folk singers, an intimate revue of high-class variety artists, a marionette show. That only two or three eventualize out of the promised and passionately publicized dozen is inevitable and noticed by no one; but that even these two or three should have any merit (and they so often have) is part of the ultimate mystery, since he has no

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standards and he has no taste. To him a constantly inflamed gypsy singer is of the same calibre as a brilliant and profound pianist. Both are European and both are Art. So it is impossible to say what directs him to the really impressive number of good things he chooses and brings over. Maybe he meets the people in the know; maybe he reads the better critics in the better journals.

Because of the wild acclaim that so many of his importations evoke from embarrassed-into-art-appreciation Americans and the packed houses they play to, it is imagined that he is swollen with wealth. This is true on the average of once every four years. The other three years he is either appalled to find that he went and imported an authentic artistic phenomenon which has drawn no more than its natural small attendance, or that this is not the year for such a presentation, backward America being understandably but contemptibly resistant. Still, art and the esoteric remain a racket, even to a mind attempting to delude itself into the higher things, so he takes the bad years with the good. And it is not hard to be graceful about it, since the good years amply atone for the bad.

It is extraordinary how well the public mind has gauged him and come to the realization that he is not an authentic aspect of the theatrical horizon, since he is completely forgotten during the three bad years and regarded with incredulity and high suspicion during the good one. These alternations between utter obscurity and blinding prominence have their due psychological effects on him. He changes with startling rapidity from a humble and bewildered maker of strange plans to an intolerably officious and demanding money magnate. And the cycle is never-ending.

His clothes are an intrinsic feature of his personality, though they range in the type from sheer exhibitionism to utter neutrality. In the one case, he cultivates eccentricities of color or form which are ridiculed and imitated, so that for a time, at least, he becomes a public figure; in the other case, his dress has that lack of distinction which is never mistakable for retiringness but which immediately conveys the wearer's incorrigible foreignness and his inability to look as if he and American clothing had ever come to a real understanding.

He has a passion for exotic foods and is often known to make a meal of *hors d'oeuvres a la norvegienne*. As a kind of check to this passion, he periodically insists on bacon and eggs to prove that he is no mere alien with uncontrollable nostalgia for the foods of his country.

He keeps every variety of drink and liqueur, but never touches a drop of it himself. His business, after all, is to make an impression with no foundation whatever, and he dare not trifle with a reputation compounded of air and water.

His apartment is strictly masculine, even if its style is a slightly insane melange. Russian ikons and French bric-a-brac jostle with British sporting prints while characterless American furniture stares down at a profoundly Oriental rug. His home is a place of business and a place of professional entertainment. When he wants ladies, he visits them in their own homes. Stories of his involvement with the most ravishing female members of his importations are in constant circulation. None of them has ever been accurate. His taste runs to the mature and the companionable.

His method of handling recalcitrant newspaper reviewers is brilliant and exemplary. With utter casualness he summons the harsh critic to his offices, gives the man a job of scholarly research to do which he swears could be done only by this critic (and which, of course, he never puts to use), pays him a pleasant fee for the service, and unfailingly gets a good review with his consequent attraction.

He is about 50, tremendously in debt, and just about the last outpost of irresponsible individualism.

THE BOOK REVUE

THE CURTAIN FALLS—by Joseph V. Reed—*Harcourt, Brace.* ($3.00.)

Mr. Reed wanted to get into the theatre in the worst way. He did! He was very anxious to avoid being an angel. They nicked him for a very handsome sum. He had little knowledge but a great deal of enthusiasm when he entered the producing business. He came out the same way.

What is wrong with the theatre? Let Kenneth MacGowan's partner tell you. It's those damn unions. Unwittingly, Reed has given us a convincing account of the bankruptcy of the theatre. Strange where some books of reminiscence will lead you.

THREE PLAYS—by Clifford Odets—*Covici Friede.* ($3.00.)

Odets has a strong sense of dramatic values and an authentic ear. Which is another way of saying that he is the most startling arrival in the theatre since Eugene O'Neill (the O'Neill of "Beyond the Horizon" and before; not "Strange Interlude" and after). "Till the Day I Die" falls in the class of finger exercises. It is skillful, deft, but unconvincing. "Waiting for Lefty" packs startling power and precision. "Awake and Sing!" bears out the prediction that when the next great play is written—Odets is the boy who will do it.

FULLY DRESSED AND IN HIS RIGHT MIND—by Michael Fessier—*Alfred A. Knopf.* ($2.50.)

A pleasant piece of froth that starts off boldly in the direction of whimsy, changes its mind and becomes a murder thriller and then goes back to whimsy, as if that was its intention all the time. You are supposed to be able to read this at one sitting (Publisher's Note). You'd better, for if you don't, you'll never come back to it.

TIME: THE PRESENT—by Tess Slesinger—*Simon and Schuster.* (2.50.)

Tess Slesinger works in a corrosive medium. Her short stories are exactly the shorter pieces one would expect from the author of "The Unpossessed." This gal is exceedingly bright and can put her brightness down in words that bear up under rereading. She has been compared to Dorothy Parker and Katherine Mansfield. Which merely proves that there are people who don't know the difference between a diet of tulips and good robust fare.

Miss Slesinger has vigor, insight and wit. These can be a dangerous combination of talents, but the author of "Time: The Present" has achieved a high average in avoiding the phony, manneristic pitfalls.

College Liberalism, Incorporated

TWO instructors and three technicians are expelled from Columbia University Medical School for participation in anti-war activities—Charges of "radicalism" threaten Professor Frederick L. Schuman with dismissal from the University of Chicago—Granville Hicks is dismissed as assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute for a printed attack on the Book Review Section of the New York Times—Dr. Leinhard Bergel is asked to leave New Jersey College for Women for his anti-Nazi views—Because he organized a branch of the American Federation of Teachers, Professor Winslow Hallet is "fired" from Cedarcrest College, Uniontown, Pa.—The Universities of Chicago and Wisconsin order Legislative Red hunts—The states of California and Illinois seriously consider sweeping bills aimed at liberal and radical teachers—The loyalty oaths for teachers recently adopted in Arizona, Georgia, Michigan and New Jersey are effective licenses for authorities to snoop into the private beliefs of any teacher—Discussion of the college R.O.T.C. is taboo on the campus, having been forbidden by the trustees of Connecticut State College—At the University of California (Los Angeles), University of Chicago, Wisconsin University, Connecticut State College, Michigan State, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, more of the same thing.

LO! THE POOR INDIAN!

Associated Press Dispatch:

Akron, N. Y.—An ancient art, "mislaid" for nearly two centuries, was revived today for a group of Seneca Indians as they gathered at a long forgotten flint quarry and were taught arrow and spear point chipping by Dr. Arthur C. Parker, director of the Rochester Museum of Arts and Sciences. The revival of the "mislaid" art is being carried out by Dr. Parker as part of the TERA program on the Tonawanda Indian Reservation, aimed at educating Indians in the crafts of their ancestors.

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THE GWENCH

by LAURENCE VAIL

"WHAT is that, father?"
"My son, that's a gwench."
"What does it do, poppa?"
"My son, it's a she."
"What does she do, father?"
"My boy, she lays eggs."
"Why doesn't she peck, father?"
"My son, she does."
"Why does she weep so much?"
"She does it very easily. And it makes me ill."
"Do you like her, papa?"
"I do and I don't."
"Why do you like her?"
"She's warm. She smells nice."
"Why don't you like her then?"
"She's hot. I don't like her scent."
"Why does she run, father?"
"She wants me to follow."
"Poppa, will you follow?"
"Oh yes. I don't want to."
"What are you going to do with her?"
"I don't know. Ask her."
"Will she speak the truth, poppa?"
"Of course not. She can't."
"Why can't she, pop?"
"She likes to be liked."
"Is she liked, father?"
"No. But she's needed and loved."
"Why do you hit her?"
"Because she is weak."
"But why do you hate her so?"
"I am in love."
"Why throw her so far, papa?"
"My son, she might stick."
"Papa, don't tear your hair out."
"I'm afraid she won't stick."
"Why does she lean on you?"
"To make me feel strong."
"Isn't that nice of her?"
"My boy—that's a trick."
"Why do you stand for it?"
"I like her tricks."
"Why do you like them?"
"They are pretty, sincere."
"You mean she means them?"
"Yes, she is that mean."
"Why is that mean, papa?"
"It always works."
"Why don't you leave her?"
"Where could I go?"
"To the café, father."
"There are too many men."
"Well, to the park, papa."
"She might be there."
"Go to sea, father."
"Why? Mermaids have no legs."
"Do you like her legs, popper?"
"No, they can't walk."
"Why can't they walk, popper?"
"She will wear the wrong shoes."
"But why does she wear them?"
"To make me rage."
"So you really hate her?"
"I try very hard."
"Why don't you try harder?"
"I might succeed."
"What do you want, father?"
"The right sort of peace."
"You mean alone, father?"
"No, I mean with her."
"Doesn't she like peace, papa?"
"Sometimes. But I might be bored."
"So she is a bore, father?"
"My son, she is."
"Why do you stay with her?"
"I'm afraid to be bored."
"Why does she roll her eyes so?"
"She wants to be scratched."
"Are you going to scratch her?"
"No. I might fall in love."
"Why shouldn't you love her?"
"My son, it interferes."
"With what does it interfere?"
"With biting my nails."
"Why do you sleep with her?"
"To get out of the world."
"Where are you going, father?"
"Out, my son. To see the world."
"What will you do there?"
"My son, I must build a town."
"Are you going to work, father?"
"I'm going for a walk."
"Why do you walk so much?"
"My boy, I want to think."
"Does she think too, father?"
"No, she takes short cuts."
"And you take the long way, papa?"
"Yes, because it is long."
"Is she stupid, father?"
"No, she doesn't think."
"What do you think about?"
"About thinking, my son."
"Does she mind, father?"
"She might—if I thought."
"Why don't you think, father?"
"She gives me no time."
"Isn't that mean of her?"
"She thinks it is kind."
"Is it kind of her, father?"
"Much too kind, my son."
"Why don't you tell her so?"
"I'm afraid she might stop."
"Will she stop, father?"
"No, my son. She's wound up."
"Who wound her up, papa?"
"I did, by mistake."
"Why does she lay eggs, papa?"
"She says it's my fault."
"Is it your fault, father?"
"I hope so, my son."
"If it isn't your fault, father?"
"I'll knock her down."
"Why don't you knock her down?"
"She likes to lie down."

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MINOR SURGERY: DISSECTING A FEE

by JULIAN FUNT

THE medical profession has for a long time clung to a fetish of mysteriousness. Perhaps the nimble Freudians have their own explanation as to why the men who tote stethoscopes and scalpels have made such hysterical protests against the invasion of their privacy by prying laymen. Others, less deft in the art of name calling, have dubbed the *nole me tangere* boys who run the American Medical Association merely a collection of stuffed shirts and explained their reluctance to admit the existence of any confusion in their ranks as a part of the essential vacuity of the strong, silent attitude. But such an explanation does not take into account the deeper, the antisocial implications of the pose.

It has been suggested that at this late stage it no longer matters that the American Medical Association still hides from the world the fact that the body of organized medicine is afflicted with a malignant tumor. The point has been made that it no longer requires clinical acumen to recognize its moribund state; even the untrained eye can see that the prognosis is hopeless.

Many symptoms of the nearness of the collapse have been cited. The A.M.A. has stubbornly refused to face the issue of birth control squarely. During the last war it patriotically barred from the pages of its *Journal* all news of medical activities in Germany. It has placed no such ban on accounts of Nazi-infested medicine. The A.M.A. has encouraged large groups of its bewildered membership in the belief that their economic plight is due to the laxity of the free clinics in admitting undeserving cases, giving support to the attempts of different state societies to push more stringent laws regulating free treatment in clinics through their legislatures. Its feverish attack on the recommendations and findings of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care is almost as revealing a symptom as the explanations of Dr. Morris Fishbein (editor of the *Journal* and bold critic of the nocturnal habits of Mesdames Roosevelt and Perkins) of why the average practitioner is hard hit by the depression.

A citation of the list of these symptoms would be endless. The fine reactionary hand of the A.M.A. can be found in the opposition to almost any activity of medical men which hints even remotely of a step in the direction of socialized medicine. It is significant to note, however, that throughout the country there are now large groups of physicians who, recognizing the seriousness of the parent body's malady, are contemplating daring surgical measures in order to obtain relief from their present precarious and traumatized state.

The manner in which the American Medical Association has handled (fumbled would perhaps be more apt) the problem of fee-splitting is a case in point. It is, incidentally, a vivid example of the persistence of the hierarchy in Chicago in maintaining the myth that every phase of medical practice should be completely hidden from obtuse laymen.

Briefly, this is the way it works. Someone in your family becomes acutely ill and you send out a frantic call for your family physician. He makes a diagnosis of acute appendicitis and suggests calling a surgeon for consultation. Dr. B., he suggests, would be a very good man. Dr. B. arrives, confirms the diagnosis and arranges for the transfer of the patient to the hospital. When the bills begin to come in, you find one for $3 or $5 from your family practitioner and one for anywhere from $150 to $500 from the surgeon. When the surgeon receives his fee, he performs a delicate, furtive operation. He bisects it and presents half of it to the family practitioner for recommending the case to him.

Why is this furtive? Because if they are found out, both the f.p. and the surgeon will be kicked out of their local County Medical Society, and possibly from the hospital with which they are associated. How common is this practice? Estimates from physicians as to its prevalence range all the way from 40% to more daring appraisals of 90%. What does the A.M.A. think of the practice? The A.M.A. thinks it is vile, reprehensible and unethical. Why doesn't the A.M.A. warn the public against victimization by the fee-splitters? Because publicity will hurt the fair name of medicine and undermine the confidence of the public in the entire profession.

The A.M.A. contends that fee-splitting is a menace to public safety. It tempts the family practitioner to be guided in his selection of a surgeon, not by the competence of the surgeon, but by his willingness to share the fee. Ring the bell of the nearest f.p.; when he comes to the door, tell him that you will positively not quote him, and then ask whether it is true that he recommends inferior surgeons because they split with him.

He's a much harried, worn out man. Be patient with him. Let him take his time. He'll come to the point. Here it is:

"Where did you get the idea that only the incompetent surgeons split fees? Why, I could name twenty men in this town (but I won't) whom I'd let operate on me any time of the day or night. And they all split fees. Why, they'd starve to death if they didn't —and so would we. And another thing. There are lots of surgeons in this town who don't split, either because they are independently wealthy or have wives who are, who have ten thumbs instead of a pair of surgical hands when it comes to operative technique and calcification of the brain when it comes to making a diagnosis."

Fee-splitting encourages needless operations, the A.M.A. maintains. It tempts the family practitioner to recommend surgery whenever payments on their cars become due or whenever the mortgage becomes troublesome.

Stop that man just leaving the hospital dispensary where for three hours he has been examining and prescribing for poor patients (a service for which he receives no compensation.) How about it, doctor?

"Sure, there are unnecessary operations. They're done by surgeons who split and by surgeons who don't. Fee-splitting is an economic problem. But that doesn't mean that any man who has to make a living is also a crook, and that every man who splits is also a scoundrel. Say, I could mention the names of men who have such large practices and such reputations that they don't have to split, but who rush patients into the operating rooms in a hell of a hurry because they know that if they don't, the patient will get well without an operation."

When you have climbed innumerable flights of stairs to earn a modest fee, when half your patients are on relief and you continue treating them because it's the "only human thing to do," when your unpaid monthly bills become an overwhelming obstacle to peace of mind, you get indifferent to such luxuries as medical ethics. You begin to look around and wonder. For instance, you wonder whether it is less ethical for a surgeon who holds a ranking position in a hospital to use a promise of hospital privileges and appointments as a means of "persuading" men to refer consultations to him. You wonder, is he always a Harlow Brooks at the bedside and a Charlie Mayo in the operating room? And because you have been around hospital wards for an exasperatingly long time now,

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and because you recall the two well-known orifices which have been factors in enabling little men to acquire big jobs on hospital staffs, your answer is "Nuts," or whatever is its technical equivalent in the nomenclature.

There is no doubt that fee-splitting emits a foul odor; that very frequently many an unnecessary operation is performed and many an inferior surgeon chosen. But there is more than casual significance in the refusal of the medical profession to acquaint the unsuspecting public with the presence of this evil in their midst. It is in keeping with the A.M.A.'s delay in warning visitors to the recent World's Fair of the danger of amoebic dysentery until late in the Fall when the warning would not hurt Chicago business.

Somehow, one suspects that the A.M.A. itself understands that fee-splitting is a symptom of the present chaotic and confused state of organized medicine and that its refusal to lay the facts before the general public is not so much a fear of losing its dignity, but a dread of opening the doors to the bogey man of socialized medicine. Somehow, one suspects that they know that fee-splitting has far deeper implications—both economic and social—that it cannot be isolated and treated; and that once the body of organized medicine has been opened for a surgical exploratory, the cancerous growth will spread and merely hasten the end. In their present dilemma it seems to them the wisest policy to let the illness be as long drawn out as possible. Brazenly, they deny that such illness exists. Secretly, they know the infection is fatal and that the day is not far off when Private Practice, as we know it today (when the doctor roots for an epidemic to get you, and you, in turn, root for his collapse before he submits a bill) will have to be labelled *Deceased*: Cause of death—inability to breathe.

But as physicians themselves go on relief and as fewer patients are able to afford private fees, the bogey man of socialized medicine will become more persistent in haunting the pale, distinguished physicians of Chicago who run the A.M.A. And one day socialized medicine may be spared the trouble of having to batter down the door and fight its way in.. When that day comes, it will be carried in on the tired backs of the small fry in medicine, the boys who shamefacedly have to split fees in order to make both ends meet and who hate the practice far more venomously than the inner-council of the A.M.A.—but for different reasons.

I BELONG TO THE CHURCH

by FLOYD TILLERY

I RECALL distinctly how it was in the beginning. I was fifteen, and a summer revival was registering 212° Fahrenheit at the rural church of my mother's choice. For ten days I had managed to hold out against the fervid sales-talk of the impassioned Traveling Man, but in the end his psychological subtleties got me. I am convinced, now, that someone tipped the fellow off to the fact that I was deeply interested in dramatics. Anyway, on the last day of the meeting, when he began picturing to me how beautifully impressive it would be for me to take everyone by surprise, make the Good Confession at the Waters, and be baptized immediately,—I simply could not resist the titillating appeal of such an opportunity. So, to occupy the center of the stage for once in my young life, I consented to become a sinner and let Almighty God save my wicked soul. If I remember correctly, I forced the singing evangelist to lead the outdoor-congregration through all six stanzas of "There Is a Fountain" before I finally stepped out on the Lord's Side, in my second-best suit, "right there by the side of the pool under the shade of the trees." Everybody seemed to get a big kick out of it—I know I did, especially when the minister declared openly that this "truly apostolic scene" which I enacted that afternoon was "the sweetest experience of the entire meeting."

The year following my spectacular and picturesque conversion, another Man of God decided for me that I should, myself, become a professional Saver of Lost Souls. At that particular time I was almost frantic for a college education, but the whole thing looked utterly hopeless for me until this Brother opened up the way. He knew of a Bible College, he said—his own alma mater—where I could work my way through. (Where I could study Latin and Greek and Shakespeare—as well as Religion.) Immediately, therefore, I heard the Call, and answered with a "Yea, yea, Lord. I come, I come—just as soon as I can finish this last year in high school!" But when I was right on the point of leaving for the Bible College, another Great Religious Fixer happened to come into my life, and he re-decided for me that, before studying theology and homiletics, I should be prepared with a broad, liberal university education. I couldn't play football; but I had Religion, and I wanted to become a Great Preacher. Therefore a scholarship-loan was arranged for which would make all things possible.

As I have indicated, I was reared in the country, a very poor boy. I had never traveled beyond the hills which surrounded me. And when I arrived at State University, I did not know one person there; neither knew I which way to turn or where to go or what to do. But God would take care of me. I was met at the station by the "Y" secretary and his staff of Greeters—the college president had tipped them off, they told me, that "a ministerial student" was coming in. Well, we all had prayer-meeting that night in the Secretary's room; and before I was fully aware of the honors, I had been made a member of the "Y" cabinet, a brother of the "Inner Circle," a leader of a dormitory Bible-Study group; and had obligated myself to keep the "Morning Watch," to pray every day for a nation-wide revival, and to consider very seriously the question of joining the Student Volunteers—of dedicating my life to His service in the foreign fields.

The next day, Saturday, I received an early call from the local pastor of the church of my choice. The good man back home who had been instrumental in my obtaining the scholarship-loan had written on, ahead, I was told, all about me and about my ambitions. As a result, on the first Lord's Day in the university town, I was teaching a Sunday School lesson, leading in prayer, and taking up the collection. This grew. Our fellowship was a small one. Pretty soon I was presiding at the Lord's Table, making talks at Prayer Meeting, and serving as an elder of the congregation.

But, somehow, in the three years of my academic course—being compelled through circumstances to study biology and philosophy, and to consort with all kinds of publicans and sinners—I got sidetracked from my original purpose, deciding, in the meantime, that I wanted to become a lawyer, not a preacher. But how? I still did not have a penny in the world. Again a way was opened for me. This time I was offered the position of Student Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., with a small salary attached, together with board and room rent and free tuition in the law school. It was then that I had to get busy in dead earnest about the mechanics and techniques of this thing called Religion. Speedily I learned a lot of pretty little prayers, blessings, and benedictions; learned, too, how to contact freshmen of a deeply religous bent; learned how to pray for erring or struggling souls; learned how to raise money to pay my own salary, how to organize Bible classes, and how to save college men from the vicious damnations of the secret sin.

In the very midst of this my latest career, illness intervened; and when the fevers had finally vanished, and my head was cleared a bit, I decided to become a school teacher. The very first question asked me when I applied for a position in a boys' boarding school was: "What church are you a member of?" It so happened that the principal and I worshipped the same God; and then, after hav-

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ing signed the contract, I was informed that part of my school work would be conducting Vespers in the dormitory, morning prayers at Chapel, and a short devotional in the dining-room. Thus, and for a period of two years, I was sewed up again in a devoutly religious way.

At the expiration of this term, however, something new had challenged me. I wanted to become a social worker. And when I applied for the position of Superintendent of the Boys' Club in a nearby city, the twenty-five good church women who were to be my bosses sounded me out at once on my religious views. By way of introduction it was plainly stated that they could not employ a Catholic, would not employ an evolutionist, and preferred not to engage a modernist. What they wanted was a deeply consecrated, orthodox Christian man—one who could actively and conspicuously represent their organization in the four-fold life of the community. I saw no reason why I could not fill such a bill—and did, after a fashion, for one short season.

Then the Great War came on. The first time in my entire career that my religious affiliations had not been made a condition for enlistment! When the recruiting officer and medical examiner damned me rather roundly for a piece of professional presumptuousness on my part, I was happy, for I instantly realised that a long-wished-for opportunity had finally come to me. Pretty soon, in the Navy, I would be privileged to sit down quietly and try to think the whole thing out—this thing of Religion and Soul Salvation, this thing of Hell-Fire and Eternal Damnation. . . . The truth of the matter is, when I received my discharge, I was very much afraid that I had completely lost my soul and perhaps left it forever down in New Orleans. But, like most discharged men in those days, I was more concerned about finding a job than I was in recovering my soul.

I did not dream of the luck that would be waiting for me when I got back home. A new Church had been organized recently by the free-thinkers of the city; and very soon after my arrival from New Orleans, I was approached (for a reason I understood later) by the Committee on Membership. "In this Church we don't care what you do or do not believe," the enthusiastic spokesman said to me. "We are not interested at all in creeds and beliefs. We leave all that sort of thing up to you. We simply want you with us on this alluring venture. We already have many of the most progressive, intelligent, forward-looking people in town lined up with us. You are the kind of man we are looking for. We need you." Now, these men talking to me were unquestionably some of the big-shots of the city—men who could give me a good job. There was nothing else for me to do but join up. I did.

And the next thing I knew I was a part of the hired help of the new institution. I think I was called Director of Religious Education; but, in reality, I was only a sort of glorified bell-hop in the House of the Lord. I had charge of the Sunday School, the Young People's Society, the Boys' Work, the athletics, the church bulletin, the newspaper publicity; and I arranged for all meetings of the church officers, the men's club, the women's club, and for church-nights, banquets, socials, special services, christenings, confirmation classes, etc. When I was not busy praying, I was firing the furnace, or washing dishes; when I was not helping change the babies just before the christening ceremonies, or stealing Easter lilies from the church altar for the little ones to hold in their hands while being sprinkled, I was filling the holy baptismal font with hydrant water, or replenishing the ladies' lavatories with necessary toilet accessories. This consecrated life of mine continued for four long hectic years. Then ended.

God must have decided it for me—my next accidental venture in the work-a-day world was "keeping" a country store which had been left in my hands. Anyway, I thought, surely now—between checker games and selling side-meat—I can look into this matter of Religion; I can make up my mind and get everything settled. Whereupon I began spending my Sundays in the woods: meditating, contemplating, thinking, reasoning, communing with the streams and trees—looking for Light. But pretty soon my trade began falling off at the store. Customers stopped coming. Then it was that a friend warned me if I expected to do well at my new business, I had better affiliate myself very quickly and actively with one of the local churches. I did. I got me a Sunday School class. I began trying to explain the parable about Feeding the Five Thousand, and the story about Jonah and the Whale, and saying that modern Science . . . Then I went back to teaching school. "Of course you are a member of the Church," said the superintendent. "Oh, certainly sir!" said I.

AMERICA CONQUERS EROTICISM

by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THE basic reason for conquest of the human aspiration to cultivate the erotic aspect of all things, historically an accepted adjunct of social living, is the rise of an utter frankness about the intimate construction of the female body, a phase of the campaign women have been conducting to bring back the world to the puritan ideal. In the old days any knowledge of how women actually appeared when deprived of their elaborate coverings was confined to married men, medical students and roués. Of these groups only the latter two achieved a complete immunity to the erotic effect of female dress for the knowledge of the former was strictly confined to one particular specimen of the sex and hence they were still open to the appeal of comparison of virtues which, alas, only too frequently led to their fall. For the last quarter century, however, the diffusion of this knowledge has proceeded at a rapid pace and in proportion as it has become available to the masses of mankind it has contributed to the decline of the erotic motive in women's dress. In no country has this evolution achieved a more complete success than America which is perfectly logical in view of our long allegiance to the puritan way of life.

The first step taken by the women of America in their campaign was to de-eroticize their legs. With the blindness customary among such folk, the clergy, the lay moralists and the elderly who were so soaked in sin that they resented being deprived of their long established pleasures, raised a tremendous howl about this phase of the campaign as indeed they have about all the other phases of it down to the present day. But the women persisted and by gradually shortening their skirts until they had reached the arbitrary limit imposed by the standard length for silk stockings set by the manufacturers, forever killed whatever masculine interest there may have remained in the female leg. There were those who, in an excess of puritan fury, proposed that the short silk stockings be eliminated and that all manufacturers be compelled to present their product in the so-called opera length that the legs might be exposed well up the thighs. More intelligent counsels prevailed,

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however, for it was pointed out that a sense of fitness might still be cultivated even in an anti-erotic campaign.

The base of operations was logically transferred to the public bathing beaches where the campaign of emancipation found the fullest measure of freedom. The de-eroticizing of the legs was immediately continued to an extent even beyond that possible through the required wearing of opera length stockings, for the complete construction of the leg could be exposed to the masculine gaze from the tip of the toe to the socket of the thigh. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to attack the problem of other parts of the body and the most obvious portion of the anatomy was the back. By a slow process extending over several beach seasons, but considerably accelerated by the migrations to the Southern beaches during the Northern winters, the line of back exposure was rapidly pushed down to the "small" of the back and once that level had been reached in bathing attire, it was promptly adapted to evening dress, "sports" dresses for street wear, pajamas, etc. This forced a complete revision of the traditional technological equipment for manipulating the feminine figure for erotic purposes. It was the necessity of achieving a successful and rapid solution of the problem which gave to the women the daring to make a tremendous forward step almost against the will of the majority. Most of them discarded such equipment altogether. With the elimination of any covering on the back and the exposure of the legs there remained only a few eroticizing areas in concealment. These were chiefly frontal in their situation and were, as it happened, the principal objects controlled by the technological arrangements now discarded. Deprived of the possibility of wrapping the devices around the body, and their consequent abandonment, the breasts, the belly and the hips were freed from their long concealment. But if these aspects of the female figure were freed from such technological devices as corsets and brassieres, they were not entirely exposed to the weather even on the bathing beaches. They remained, in short, areas for future operations, but not for long.

Within the last two or three seasons in isolated sections of the country, the belly has emerged into the open air but only at the expense of a retreat from the gains made earlier in this vital campaign for a completely unerotic America. Reducing the bathing suit to trunks would have seemed the logical move but it was one which the women found themselves unwilling to make, not liking, as is customary with them, to lay all their cards on the table at once. They therefore adopted the expedient of using the trunks as a separate garment and covering the breasts with a wrap-around brassiere which, of course, destroyed the clean line of the naked back. The obvious way to regain the ground lost by this retrogressive measure was to attack the problem of the trunks and the brassiere in a scientific fashion and the first step taken was to reduce the thickness of the materials used in their construction, followed by a campaign, extraordinary in its ingenuity, to reduce the area covered by them as far as possible and as rapidly as possible.

Fashion experts of Paris have consistently cooperated with the puritan women, contrary to what one might expect of them from their past history, and have this year evolved bathing suits with the back line lowered so that the cheeks of the buttocks are revealed. Moreover they have split the trunks into two parts held together by fine but strong cords of beads so that the hips are exposed and have also cut down the brassiere to two pads which cover the breasts but fully reveal their contours, joined together, front and back, by cords similar to those used in the trunks. The fine line of the naked back is now but little disguised, so little that even the feeblest imagination is not discommoded. Obviously, trunks and brassieres are in their final stages of evolution and will shortly completely disappear. The ladies will then have achieved their purpose of de-eroticizing their bodies entirely. And if they are tempted to dally on the road to perfection they have before them the example of the professional nudists who have skipped several stages in this evolution and are generally taken to be the advance guard, not of the proletariat, but of the puritans. For, as the philosophers of the movement assure us, contrary to the supposition which has ruled Europe for centuries and found a foothold in this country, "The unclothed body rapidly becomes commonplace, neither shameful nor erotically stimulating."

* * * * * *

Abandonment of underdress was, of course, obligatory on the bathing beaches but it was rapidly extended to street and evening dress with the desired result. More and more women helped the cause on which the sex was embarked by reducing their underdressing to a pair of filmy and in latter days skin tight "pants" as they were derisively called, leaving the breasts and belly free and the hips as near their normal configuration as possible, a move which was found to advance us toward the unerotic paradise by leaps and bounds especially when combined with clinging materials in the outer garment. The belly was thus brought into prominence and if it was not always as beautiful as that of the lady in the Song of Solomon, it was found to assume in the young and the cautious very gracious contours indeed which invariably centered delicately upon the navel. Thus it came about that the ladies were at one and the same time able to, without for a moment discontinuing their campaign to de-eroticize their dress, proceed to reduce their bathing costumes to a constantly diminishing minimum and increase, by way of passing fashion, the area of materials used in street and evening dress. The complete and open admission of the intimacies of construction of the female figure was admirably achieved. America was at last set free from the ancient and very vicious habit of allowing females to use their clothing to eroticize the male and a truly puritan view of feminine clothes, entirely aesthetic in its considerations, was achieved.

One refuge for the operation of the feminine delight in deception still remained however, but even the effect of that was considerably neutralized by the insistence, on the part of franker women, on complete publicity. Nature is notoriously unjust in her distribution of perfect figures, whether female or male, and while the male, with his customary philosophy, has tended to accept his deficiencies with good humor, the female has always tried to circumvent nature by resorting to technological devices. These devices were promptly bent, not in the direction of concealment but in the direction of the simulation of an ideal of perfection. What the more fortunate of womenkind were able to achieve by the free play of their natural figures, the less fortunate have been induced to simulate by these remnants of the dark, erotic ages.

This nefarious practice has, however, done remarkably little to hinder the campaign for complete and puritan frankness, for the manufacturers who exploit the baser instincts have been forced to sell their merchandise by advertisements in the public prints of all kinds, newspapers, magazines read by both sexes indifferently, street-car and subway cards and even billboards. No one not an illiterate is in the least fooled by such dodges for even the male ordinarily most unobservant can, if he is attracted by one of these cheating females, quickly detect her subterfuges. He has merely to watch her for a few moments and see whether or not her clothing follows her bodily movements with reasonable exactitude. If it does she is relying on nothing but nature and if it does not, the observable rigidity of the underpinnings gives the lady away.

There is, consequently, no refuge finally possible for those backward women who cling to the ancient ideal that clothes should be used for erotic purposes. Correctly basing their campaign on the scientific proposition set forth by the nudist scientists that the unclothed body is not erotically stimulating, the advanced women

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of America, firm in their puritanism, have seen to it that their clothing has been reduced to a minimum on all occasions and that even when it is necessary to achieve variety to relieve boredom and insure the continued health of the clothing industry by using more materials than are necessary for warmth in winter or decoration in summer, they make no effort to conceal bodily construction. The women of America have made impossible any indulgence in social eroticism on the part of the American male, have cleansed the country of a scourge which was surely bringing us as low as the Romans and the French. The relations of the sexes in their social phases, being completely de-eroticized are now rapidly becoming entirely mental and spiritual, puritanism is truly triumphant and only in retarded communities is it possible to indulge in the degenerate "pleasures" induced by concealment.

REVELATIONS XXI. 2

A good movie can be made without an original plot.

Gilbert Seldes in "Today"

AFTER LUNCH

by LOUIS PAUL

Cliché

ONE of the tritest clichés in drama and fiction is the situation wherein a lady finds herself being forced to yield her virtue —either to rescue her true sweetheart, save the old homestead, or preserve the antique silverware. Pious commentators have been known to assert that such yielded virtue has a psychological consequence worse, in some cases, than death. Personally, I've kept well on the lookout for one of these beastly males in real life, but have not struck pay dirt yet. Perhaps the cliché is repeated with some subtlety for the benefit of Miss Dubuque, who derives an intense satisfaction contemplating her virtue's desirability. There was the colored girl who accused her boy friend of, as the sedate journals put it, a statutory offense. "He tukin' me in the woods thataway, suh," she explained, "an' we done find a big lowg." "A log!" exclaimed the magistrate. "Will you be good enough to explain to the Court just how it was possible for the defendant to force his will upon you in such a situation?" "Yassuh, jedge, suh, yo' honah," she replied; "I jes' balance myse'f awn thet there lowg, yo' honah, like I allus do."

Savoir-faire

Too much entirely is left to extra-curriculum activities in our colleges. In order that the technique of at least one popular activity should not become haphazard, some benevolent soul ought certainly to endow several chairs of applied clowning.

Literature

An author's magazine has come in which an editor outlines his requirements. He writes: "We are looking for novels of American life with broad outlook. They must be civilized, written with distinction, and contain a strong central idea. We believe that books which do not unduly stress the seamy side of life have a better chance for success just at present. There should be romance of a high order: sex themes must be handled with exquisite delicacy or not at all. What we really want is the powerful novel with sweep, pace, and excitement, such as the works of Willa Cather, Booth Tarkington, Kathleen Norris, and so on. We are always glad to consider the manuscripts of unknown authors." What are they offering these days for the anti-climax prize?

Art

You will make allowances for any artist of your acquaintance who appears to you to be slightly dotty. The concentrated repetition necessary to achieve a polished technique is sufficient to unbalance the sanest of men. If the endless toot of a trumpet in the next apartment drives you to distraction, think of what the tooter suffers who must both listen and produce the noise. I'm never impressed with the mechanic's cry about the deadening influence of the machine. He would no doubt howl for his machine back after working a few days within the straightjacket of the sonnet form.

Evolution

If our zealous diggers should unearth in Oaxaca the skeleton of a man eleven feet tall containing a brain cavity large enough to house a watermelon, this in the ruins of an ancient palace having been equipped with radio and refrigeration, our conception of evolution would undergo some disturbing changes. Such discoveries are no less conceivable, let us say, than Clifford's and Einstein's and Lobatchewsky's belief in the possibility of converging parallel lines. Yet I cannot imagine any discovery so revolutionary in the field of aesthetics that would destroy the absolute qualities in the lines of William Shakespeare. It does not argue the relative merits of beauty vs. science, but merely that the aesthetic approaches the absolute closer than science can ever come. If some Darwinian inquirer will eventually demonstrate an absolute in human psychology the biologists' theory of unbroken evolution must crumble as Aristotle's universe fell before the telescope of Galileo. Evolution is predicated on mutation. But if ever an immutable, permanent quality in human nature is demonstrated it will completely destroy at least the intellectual premises of evolution.

Comment

Nothing is quite so depressing as the way other people bring up their children.

Evolution (2)

"In St. James Park," reads my newspaper, "across the street from the jail, the victims were strung up to separate trees while thousands of men, women, and children, looking on in a carnival spirit, cheered with a lustiness that could be heard for blocks." No doubt, if the report is accurate, they are the evolved descendants of those who encouraged Torquemada, crowded the yard of Old Bailey, invented the guillotine, murdered Oscar Wilde, massacred the Indians with the same detached amusement with which they use shotguns on harmless wild animals and nesting birds. They thrill to death as an emphasis of their own sweet quickness. "No kidnaper will ever be turned loose or pardoned while I am Governor," said Mr. Rolph. He forgot to add, oddly enough, that Mr. Mooney and Mr. Billings are to be eternally safe, too, behind strong walls.

Literature (2)

American writing has become a business in which the hope of good return has been immeasurably raised by increasing literacy, mass production, and the seemingly endless parade of periodical literature. Education, we know, does not necessarily predicate the sort of culture essential to the appreciation of fine writing. In an effort to tailor material to fit a low intelligence writers are sacrificing some craftsmanship and much integrity. Criticism must ebb because the criterion has shifted from excellence itself to the

Nicholas Murray Butler

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achievement of popularity. Editors insist on changes, both in style and content. Stories cannot be published because they may offend either (1) The Steamfitters Union of Buffalo; (2) Boston's idea of sexual propriety; (3) The national government in Washington; (4) American womanhood; (5) The Mexican, Japanese, or Russian peasantry; (6) The Idaho potato growers; (7) Ten year old girls; (8) The great classes of morons and Ph.D.'s. It is true, indeed, as someone says, that Shakespeare might encounter some difficulty in getting blank verse produced on today's New York stage. Mr. Dreiser pockets the movies' money and then rants all over the place because they don't do right by our little Tragedy. The S. E. P. turns down several of Mr. Beer's innocuous tales as being too . . . too—you know. Kay Boyle, brilliant Guggenheim Girl, asserts that "the only other woman whose writing I can endure is Gertrude Stein," while Mr. Erskine Caldwell says that he can read anything in a magazine, but cannot abide books.

Loquitur

A man in Philadelphia sends a quart of ice cream to San Francisco by airmail—a defense for all time for soapbox oratory. My own pet aversion is charity. Not while the dregs of humanity are licked into submission with the measly doles of charity will man achieve the laws of social justice. It stands in the forefront of all unsocial acts. It is the drops of wine spilled from the brimming cup, the sop that prevents riot and revolution, the cheap satisfaction, when genuine, derived from the beggar's nickel. While the poor themselves divide their sorry dollars with the poor under the smirking exhortation of their priests and Croesii, eighty percent of the country's wealth sneaks off to wallow in its fatuous luxury. If man were not inherently a ninny and a slave there would be more white anger in the world.

Rule

Æsthetically a robin is as handsome as a mountain, an obvious rule not come upon by many artists.

Progress

Progress to the average politician means more hospitals and bigger jails.

Paradox

In the ultimate grace of flesh nature herself is startled at the gross overtones in a pair of lips, and the paradoxical exquisiteness of a thigh. The arm is not an arm, but the reflection of a gesture —as grace is an instant of motion, captured definitely. The flashing limbs are not sculptures, but the suggestion of movement. They express the repose of flight.

Architecture

Men through the ages build from national compulsion monuments that express their history in a truer sense than literature will ever do. Books may easily distort the essence of truth. The rose window in a Gothic church, the round white tower of a mosque, the pagoda of a Buddhist temple: their images tell you more truth about the character and temper of their creators than a thousand histories of events. Our steel and granite temples are the signature of our civilization as Egypt's pyramids and luxuriant tombs were hers, as the austere geometry of their architecture was Greece's.

Nonsense

There is an element in nonsense which may be the portrait of man risen above reason, magnificently amused at the tottering superstructure of coherence. There is an intuition in the sanest of men that reason and truth are merely bricks held in place by the mortar of common consent. How amusing to see the stones come down with a few well-placed jabs of mockery such as John Kendrick Bangs and Ambrose Bierce and Mark Twain knew how to give.

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combination shampoo and dandruff remedy checks falling hair— prevents baldness

●

Many cases of falling hair and premature baldness are directly due to the use of faulty shampoos and dandruff remedies.

Most of the remedies on the market today contain free alkali which dries the scalp and gives rise to dandruff and falling hair.

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Sublimation

Havelock Ellis, bland with age, assures us that attempts to create art-forms are but the manifestation of secondary sexual characteristics—the peacock artfully spreading its tail feathers. Lady, this subtly argues, is the inferior creator. So that if it is, let us guess, your avocation to architect the massy phrase into rhythmic rhapsodies, basta!—you are nothing more than a Pied Piper of an extravert enticing flesh into passion! Why art, indeed, isn't quite nice; and the censors have been right all along.

Civilization

A traveler amongst a tribe of naked Indians in South America refused to doff his trunks. The native women hotfooted it for their huts in order not to witness his vulgarity. Nothing, not even the gestures of the men who stared at his obscene clothed state with much amusement, would make that highly civilized traveler take off his shorts. He was civilized.

Idiom

It was said of Ring Lardner that he wrote American speech with stenographic accuracy. The criticism is inane when you realize that all the equipment you would need to report Lardnerian dialogue is shorthand. No less nonsensical to say that an author "hears" idiom with an exquisite ear. Finely written idiom is as creative as poetry, and requires an analogous polish. The following, for example, is shorthand of an actual piece of speech: "This feller, he—Remember the guy we seen in that picture the name was—it was the one we seen at the Paramount—W. C. Fields! He ain't got a mustache. This was in the Rocky Mountains, they were out there, they had a hotel, and this feller—First they had a bag with a lot of money, Charlie Ruggles, an'—He was explaining, W. C. Fields, why he was called 'Honest John' because a feller had left his glass eye and he was playin' pool and these people come in, Gracie Allen and George Burns, they had a big dog an' he's the sheriff and he keeps saying' . . . ." This would be all right if you were Lewis Carroll and you were writing an "Alice in the Rocky Mountains."

Verboten

Short stories to be written when James Joyce is editor of "Tiny Tower." Professor Vandyke, Romance Languages, is immersed in his work, happily married, the father of three lusty youngsters, seven, four, and two. Professor Murgatroyd, Biology, has perfected some interesting experiments, and Vandyke, his friend, assisting him as a subject, learns in a purely accidental way that he, apparently the father of three bouncing lads, has been sterile for ten years . . . . And: Mrs. Kelsey and Mrs. Erbele spend an amusing afternoon absorbing culture at one of the more prominent art galleries. Mrs. Erbele finally is arrested, spellbound, before a handsome female portrait, sans drapery. It is a perfect likeness of Mrs. Kelsey. "You never mentioned," Mrs. Erbele murmurs, "that you posed for Paul Rainy nude." "I didn't!" Mrs. Kelsey disavers somewhat heatedly. With a glance Mrs. Erbele expresses her disbelief. "He—well, he—" Mrs. Kelsey stammers extenuatingly, "he must have painted it from memory."

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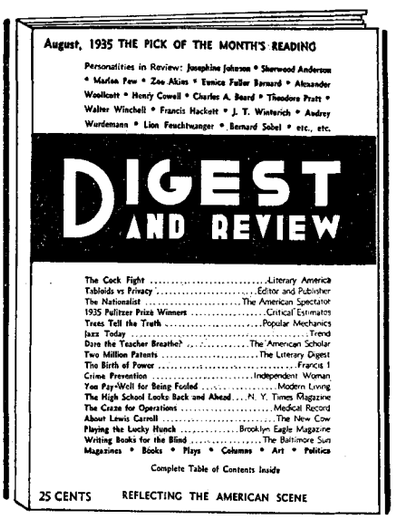
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